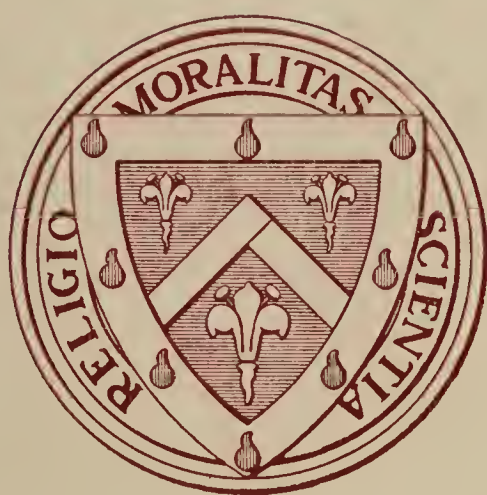


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GALSWORTHIAN REALISM *

By Paul Weaver '38

When a decade ago critics pronounced the works of John Galsworthy a sure route to social and economic betterment we were so anxiously progressing and becoming more selfish that, overlooking his theories, we were prone to term them old-fashioned. Today we are still floundering; we seem even to have turned into a lane which may continue our present economic and social distress. Today, however, we are more ready to admit that the road Galsworthy suggested taking ten years ago was carefully built; we realize that he was honest, kind and loyal to a class of people who were depressed. There is not a page of his novels or dramas that does not contain running comments on social and economic conditions bearing upon types of people who have either gained his sympathy or roused his irony.

Galsworthy in both his novels and dramas usually appeals more to reason than to sentiment. St. John Ervine, in an article in the *North American Review*, says: "Mr. John Galsworthy is the most sensitive figure in the ranks of modern men of letters, but his sensitiveness is of a peculiar nature, for it is almost totally impersonal." So interesting and significant a statement, buried as seed, really gives an adequate characterization of Mr. Galsworthy. He is transparent without being in the smallest de-

gree luminous or shallow; he refracts, but does not magnify — a prism through which we may look at society.

John Galsworthy did not follow the profession of writing as a means for a livelihood, but only to supply the serious need of his type of literature. He was an unselfish aristocrat with a burning sympathy for the lower classes. In addition Galsworthy did more than merely allow his sentiment to nourish thought — he put thought into drama and novel in an earnest effort to introduce social justice. Throughout his works we conceive an evidenced struggle to comfort those suffering a lack of the necessities. Yes, there was present in him both a highly developed artistic and moral conscience. In his own words: "As a man lives and thinks, so will he write. But it is certain that to the makings of good drama, as to the practice of every other art, there must be brought an almost passionate love of discipline, a white heat of self-respect, a desire to the truest, fairest, best thing in one's power; and that to this must be added an eye that does not flinch." Such was Galsworthy the man and artist.

So characteristic of Galsworthy's dramas is a protruding vein of honesty and solidity that it led Joseph Conrad to write: "The foundation of Mr. Galsworthy's talent, it seems to me, lies in

* This is the first of a series of articles which will appear on the works of John Galsworthy.

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a remarkable power of ironic insight combined with an extremely keen and faithful eye for all the phenomena on the surface of the life he observes. These are the purveyors of his imagination, whose servant is a style clear, direct, sane, illuminated by a perfectly unaffected sincerity. Before all it is a style well under control, and therefore it never betrays this tender and ironic writer into an odious cynicism of laughter and tears."

There is another outstanding feature that seems to be closely linked with Galsworthy's character and dramas. It is his apparent lack of self-interest. His humility, adorned by his presence and made disarming by a handsome physique, did not always save him from the charge of coldness when manifested personally. Whereas nearly all men and women give essential particulars of their lives, not to mention the human touch of their preferred habits, Mr. Galsworthy rather hides himself beneath a blanket. It is as if he had said to himself, "I am myself, but myself isn't a subject I can decently be concerned about or expose an interest in. Let me forget myself in someone — in everyone — else." Let those who still believe Mr. Galsworthy selfish but read the prefaces to the new and very learned Manaton Edition of his works. I quote from the announcement of the edition: "These prefaces are peculiarly interesting, for in them he frankly criticizes his work; in some cases, too, they reflect the response of readers as he has sensed it. In others he tells of the thought in his mind while writing, and of the changes through which the thought has gone in the process. Again, he speculates on the art of writing in general, on the forms of fiction, on emotional expression and effect in drama.

In short as he phrases it, 'in writing a preface, one goes into the confessional'." In dealing with John Galsworthy we must esteem a purely altruistic character.

An interesting episode will give a pleasing insight to our author's sheltered life. After the first showing of his play, "Justice" he offered no comment to an unjust criticism made upon the play by a pseudo-critic. Of course a malevolent injustice of this type must be dealt with — and so it was. A letter of reprimand was sent to the critic by Professor Chubb, demanding an undoing of such criticism, and a duplicate of the letter was forwarded to Mr. Galsworthy. In answer he merely expressed his kind thanks and added that he never replied to criticisms regardless of their nature.

Some of his many dramas should be classed as mediocre, but the pictures which Mr. Galsworthy draws of forces or feelings from which a susceptible conscience will realize the complex nature of duty, preserve a truly objective spirit and stimulate reflection rather than teach a doctrine. Mr. Desmond McCarthy in the *Literary Digest* supplements my statement: "Galsworthy had a precision of design, a well poised estimate of human nature plus a cool well-considered satire and a strong interest in social questions."

There breathes through his works a fine hope and a great faith in the eventual goal of inner happiness. For in his own words: "The only thing worth seeking is the revelations of truth and beauty." Galsworthian drama also left us many lessons and norms for creative and original art. The Rev. Francis X. Talbot quotes Galsworthy as saying: "What we know as the creative gift in literature, or indeed in any art, is a more than normal power in certain people

GALSWORTHIAN REALISM

for dipping into the storehouse and fishing up the odds and ends of experience, together with a special aptitude for welding or grouping these odds and ends when they are finished up."

We cannot err greatly by following Galsworthy's realistic trends, for in his own words as in his dramas his realism is a benevolent doctrine. Quoting our author: "The English and American communities have undoubtedly become

extravagantly individualistic and are only now beginning, perhaps too late, to pull in their horns. Cruelty, meanness and injustice, conscious or unconscious, are the extravagances and abuses of the sense of property, and to hate them is the extent of my socialism." Yet under this cold veneer of realism and socialism there lies a living and working sense of kindness.

To be continued.



A VALLEY AMID MOUNTAINS

By Ernest Lukas '38

Our tour thus far had been most delightful. Time, however, was taking flight on aerial wings, and we were beset with that difficulty of all vacationists — what to pass by or postpone and what to include in our trip. I rejoiced when my brother and sister agreed with me to visit Michigan's famous Porcupine Mountains; I was to have my first view of a mountain.

Next morning, shortly after the dazzling St. Elmo's flame had set the heavens on fire, we departed on our most invigorating excursion. As we swiftly sped along the winding highway, the cares of this world vanished, for we were alone, far from the distractions of the seething metropolis in which we live. No smoke, no clanking of bells, no shouting of the motley rabble reached our ears. All was quiet in this forest primeval save the feathered creatures, those liquid-throated songsters whose voices blended musically with the murmuring leaves of the pine trees.

In a few hours we arrived at the supposed mountain road. As I looked about, however, I failed to find our objective. Yet a sign very conspicuously read: "Six miles to the Porcupine Mountains." We hesitated and considered the situation. During the last twenty or more miles we had seen but two dwellings, the one an old Indian shack, the other a crude, deserted hunting lodge. Further-

more, this so-called road was but a dirt trail recently cut through between the giant trees. Stones, immense roots, stumps and brush made entrance into this trail frighteningly hazardous. A love of nature, however, prompted us to continue.

Although we had a most nerve-wrecking task guiding our car through this perilous forest pass, our senses were so alert to the adjacent beauties of nature that we little considered the treacherous slides and jolts by which we proceeded onward and upward. Those stalwart firs, our eyes told our imagination, might have been the sentinels of paradise; their aroma, the perfume that wooed its inhabitants to rest and sweet repose. If our progress was a hardship we were scarcely cognizant of it; we would not be defeated by it.

Quite without warning the trail came to an abrupt end. Our strenuous drive seemed to have been in vain, for the only objects in sight were huge varicolored boulders lying defiantly in front of a precipitous stone wall. As we anxiously looked about, however, a narrow path attracted our attention. Now that we had traveled thus far, we again determined to proceed and see whither this trail would lead us. This settled, we began our slow, hazardous mountain climb.

The density of the trees had prevented us from seeing just where we were, but

A VALLEY AMID MOUNTAINS

after we had climbed about a hundred feet up a steep, winding path, we beheld a most beautiful view: there behind us lay the majestic, cold, and spacious waters of Lake Superior. The scene delightfully surprised us, for we had not realized the proximity of the lake. This vision of the lake and the grass-like slope of trees that lay between it and us added more zest to our tired limbs as we continued to ascend the mountain. Often further progress seemed impossible, for the path would disappear and we would have to cling to bushes and shrubs to keep our footing. Yet never did it dawn upon us what would have been our fate had one of these supports given way. Most likely there would have been one less of us to tell this story.

After a most adventurous hour we reached the summit of the mountain. To our chagrin nothing of extraordinary beauty greeted us; grass, weeds, stones stared at us, and we stared at one another as if trying to find some appropriate excuse for our disappointment. Then luckily my brother happened to glance at a fallen cypress on which was tacked a dimly painted sign which read: "To the bluff."

Without a moment's hesitation we set forth in the general direction of the bluff, and before we had walked more than a few hundred feet the sky seemed to touch upon the grassy plain. With a strange pounding of our hearts we audaciously stepped forward. Behold, there immediately before us lay a sleeping mountain valley.

From the point on which we stood we could see a tiny, silver stream flowing about five hundred feet directly below us toward a small but enchanting lake. The trees bordering this little river formed

a carpet of velvety green with just enough variation of color to remind one of a costly robe the flowing folds of which change with each step of the wearer. The somewhat circular rim of the lake itself was cut at intervals by jagged coves which pierced its bank. As our wandering eyes followed the course of this aquatic phenomenon they discovered another stream on the opposite side of the lake. This second rivulet widened a few miles to the northward, and as we traced its course through the smaller hills we thought that it emptied into the heavens. But no, that expanse of blue was not the heavens but the mighty Lake Superior.

In somewhat of an awakening our curious eyes led us onward until we stood at the very brink of the precipice. We did not, however, remain there very long, for the sight of the immense, jagged rocks and huge protruding trees repulsed us in fear lest we fall into that treacherous abyss.

The sun, the air, the glory of the scene seemed hardly a reality. There before us lay a paradise where God's irrational creatures gamboled undisturbed. How different this was from the world that we knew — the world wherein dwelt a greedy capitalist, a wicked politician, weary, fretful, agitated men. How pleasing was this view in comparison. Peace. Tranquillity. Serenity. In awe we stood admiringly, scarcely speaking lest we desecrate the sanctity of this silvan paradise.

Fascinated eyes could have feasted indefinitely on the wholesome nourishment of this natural grandeur. But presently we heard low, distant mutterings and soon louder rumblings. With our imaginations

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keyed to the highest pitch we instantly thought of Henry Hudson. Was he perhaps again playing with the dwarfs? The sky quickly darkened; the wind began to shriek and howl; now a deafening clap of thunder shook the western sky. Instantly a torrent of rain poured from those black clouds that rolled to the westward. We ourselves were as yet dry, and to the eastward the sun was still shining. But this rude interruption aroused us to the advisability of seeking shelter. We, therefore, retraced our steps as rapidly as we could do so in safety,

down the shrub-hidden trail to our automobile.

It was three pensive youths who walked slowly across the rocky plain from which we had started our ascent. Mechanically we climbed into our car; mechanically my brother stepped on the starter. As the motor began to purr, I slammed the door of the car shut. The noisy jar seemed to loosen the strings of our tongues and break our close communion with nature. Only then did we fully understand just how close we had been to God and to happiness.

HOME

by

Edward Gruber '37

It's not the substance nor the size,
Nor the portal nor the dome.
It's the people living in it
That makes a house a home.

Where a mother's lullaby
Echoes sweet and clear,
And her smile through all her cares
Brings a bit of cheer,
There's a home.

When a father home returning
Tired and worn-out,
Stoops to kiss his little ones
Gathered round-about,
There's a home.

And here's a truth which I have found
As up life's road I roam:
"It takes the courage of departing
To appreciate a home."

BUNS---JUST BUNS

By John Weyer '39

Little Danny McCarthy sat dejectedly on the curbstone on the corner. To all appearances he was deeply in thought. He was, and anyone who knew him realized that Danny was thinking up a few schemes to pull on anyone who would fall into his wily traps. "There ain't no fun in this neck of the woods unless you make it yourself," was Danny's philosophy. And he went right out to practice what he preached. Not saying that Danny was a little Satan, but to some whom he had tricked he was a good imitation of him.

As he sat and wondered how to sneak the garter snake into the music teacher's brief case, he noticed, or rather heard, a couple of "tough" voices next to the news-stand.

"Now git this straight: 'You and I walk in before Harry and Mike; and they'll carry the heavy stuff and all we gotta do is the collectin'."

Now Danny belonged to that union of little lads who stand with an armful of papers and an appealing look on their faces. He knew faces as only a news-boy who sells late nite papers to the theatre crowds can know them.

As he peered cautiously, if not timidly, around the corner of the paper-stand, he saw a foppishly dressed individual of light complexion with blue eyes narrowly set in a face that closely resembled that of a dachshund.

"He looks like one of them tight

Swedes," thought Danny as he bit into the first of a dozen of "yesterday's" buns he had just talked the girl in the bakery out of.

Danny was a cute little freckled-faced redhead dressed in clothes slightly large for him, especially his pair of long pants which were far too big around the seat. Danny knew of his appearance and how it appealed to older folks, and consequently cultivated a pathetic expression which he used only on "special occasions" — such as talking the teacher out of an after-school session, or trying to convince dad that he really did study hard despite his poor report-card. That, by the way, was the system he had used in weaning the buns from the too sympathetic girl in the bakery.

As he surveyed life in general from his "worm's eye view" on the curbstone, he took an interest in the Dapper Dan and his companion, who had just crossed the street and were heading nonchalantly up the street in the general direction of the bank. He also noticed a small green sedan pull out of an alley and head down the street slowly towards the bank. As the first two entered the bank, the car, which up to this time had been poking along the way, picked up speed and then came to a quick stop in front of the bank.

Two fellows got out quickly and walked briskly into the bank, each carrying a large, cumbersome object under a topcoat,

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although it happened to be mid-August.

"I might as well hop over there and see what's goin' on," opined Dan as he rose to his full four feet-six and stretched his seventy-two pound frame. "Boy, I hope that guy sittin' in the driver's seat is a sucker for a hard-luck tale. I could go for a soda with these buns."

As Danny began to cross the street towards the parked car he picked up a handful of sand from a street-crew pile in the street to throw on a Pomeranian held on a leash by a "ritzy lookin' dame;" "Cuz that'll make her wash the hound." But before he knew it the woman and dog had disappeared into a near by store.

Danny approached the car.

"Hey, mister, gimme a nickel fer two of these swell buns my mother jist baked?"

"Scram, kid!"

"Aw come on, I jist need a nickel more and I can buy my mom a birthday present. We're awful poor, mister, and—"

"Shut up and beat it before — "

At this instant, the ringing of a bell, followed by an outburst of shots echoed and reechoed from the interior of the bank, and the four men ran out, one lurching on the sidewalk. The leader shouted as he ran, "Get goin' Pete, they set off the alarm."

As they tumbled into the car and told Pete to "Open 'er up," Danny, who had been standing on the opposite running-board all the while, let go of his handful of sand into Pete's eyes. The resulting confusion of the thugs was in many respects similar to that of a panic aboard a sinking ship. The driver

emitted a very choice string of curse words. The remaining three were looking out of the back windows and cursing the driver for not starting. Finally, one of the three had the presence of mind to climb over the seat, push Pete out of the way and get behind the wheel himself.

He had barely started, when, at a dangerous speed, a squad car came out of the alley next the bank and ran smack into the getaway car, turning it completely over and pinning the occupants beneath the wreckage.

As the smoke of battle died down, a little red-haired, blue-eyed, freckled-faced youngster of about eleven summers was seen to make a dive into the bandit car. About fifteen brave policemen surrounding the car moved warily towards the center of attraction and told the young rascal to come out.

"C'n ya wait a minnit? I gotta git somethin' outta here," came a typical Huckleberry Finn voice from the interior.

At length Danny came out carrying a bag of something or other and also carrying a very, very pugnacious attitude. His little red face was squinted up into a tightly squeezed dish-rag.

"What did you want in there, sonny? Didn't you realize that those bad men lying in that car might have shot you with a great big gun? They're very bad men, my little man."

"Aw pipe down. They only had two machine-guns and a couple of thirty-two's. And besides, I jist went in that heap of junk to git my buns that I dropped—'N one of 'em was all busted."

BEAUTY WITHOUT LOVE

By Edward Gruber '37

Shall I love art, and beauty which I shape in art, for the sake of art alone; beauty for beauty only; knowledge only for the sake of the beauty it brings to me? Shall I live apart from the world of men and work with no desire to help, console, or exalt the blind and hungry herd of men?" This is a question every artist must answer. Some, lethargic of mind, uncritically reply: "Yes, beauty only; beauty for its own sake; art without love; art unaffected by mankind." And they retire to their cells to sing their songs to the walls which involuntarily must listen. There is no success for the artist who seeks beauty, yet evades love. Beauty is the queen of a lordly castle; love, the defiant fortress encircling that priceless castle. The gate through love alone leads to the throne of beauty.

This is the theme which Alfred Tennyson so artistically develops in his world-famous poem, "The Palace of Art." Tennyson in his introduction says: "I write a sort of allegory of a soul that loved beauty only, and good and knowledge only for their beauty, and who shut out love."

Only a supreme master of literature could successfully handle this theme in poetry, and the success with which Tennyson handled it indicates clearly his ability in literary art. This theme demands the fullness of human passion, inter-

persed with beauty and ornamentation as of a dream, qualities so well combined in "The Palace of Art" that it is one of the finest poems of its type.

The passion and mood, transparent in the meter and rhythm, are unmistakably expressive of the theme. Both vary throughout the poem according to the thought expressed. Thus from the meter and rhythm alone it is evident that the first two-thirds of the poem are expressive of joy (a soul, happy in her palace), while the last third is expressive of failure (seeking beauty yet evading love).

Then, too, the beauty and ornamentation stand out as peerless examples of the powers of human imagination. Certainly no more kingly or even godly palace was ever conceived in the mind of man. The rooms are filled with a very world of paintings and sculpturings, portraying the romances and tragedies of bygone days; portraits of the great poets surround the royal dais; while mosaicked on the floor, the whole human tale is minutely told:

"Below was all mosaic choicely planned
With cycles of the human tale
Of this wide world, the times of every
land
So wrought, they will not fail."

In this dream-built palace Tennyson places his soul, "wherein at ease for aye to dwell." Three years pass by suc-

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cessfully, but in the fourth comes the inevitable fall. Then follows her punishment: confusion of mind, self-scorn, hatred, despair, fear of life as well as of death, but above all, solitude:

“Back on herself her serpent pride had curled.

‘No voice,’ she shrieked in that lone hall,

‘No voice breaks through the stillness of this world:

One deep, deep silence all.’ ”

At last, at the limit of despair, she cries.

“What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die?”

Enlightened to the indispensableness of love, she retires to the vale, there to learn the art and inevitableness of love:

“Make me a cottage in the vale,” she said,

“Where I may mourn and pray.

“Yet pull not down my palace towers,
that are

So lightly, beautifully built:

Perchance I may return with others
there

When I have purged my guilt.”

This is the first of Tennyson’s works in which he treats of fundamental human

emotions, of conjugal, parental, and filial love, and, as in this poem, of what we may term social love. Not since Wordsworth had any poet sung this latter theme. Coleridge had chosen it in his immortal “Rime;” Shelley seems to have barely missed it in “To a Skylark” and “Ode to the West Wind.” But Keats’ “A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever” and Byron’s “To fly from does not mean to hate mankind” were far removed. It remained for the genius of Tennyson to enunciate anew the wholesome lesson that man, a social being, cannot go into seclusion from his fellow-men.

The exactness which Tennyson always demanded, and the scrutiny with which he progressed, are the keys to his remarkable success. When “The Palace of Art” was first published in 1833, many poets would have been proud to own it, never dreaming of altering it. Not so, Tennyson. His untiring effort for exactness and perfection required nine more years to perfect the poem to his satisfaction. When he republished it in 1842 fifty-three of the seventy-four original stanzas were omitted, corrected, or rewritten. For this reason “The Palace of Art” is one of the most perfect poems in the English language.



JUST COBB

By Robert Kaple '38

Any student interested in newspaper work, or any person for that matter not familiar with the duties of a reporter, will do well to read *Myself to Date* by Irvin S. Cobb. Because the story from the opening paragraph to the closing sentence relates the experiences of a newspaper man, Cobb has labeled his yarn "Stickfuls." The title could more appropriately have been "Shovelfuls." Swollen with a sense of his own importance, and basking in the sunshine of his unique humor, he lets the reader know in no uncertain terms that he is the biggest man in Kentucky and, without a doubt, the best reporter New York has seen in many a moon.

Just as charity covers a multitude of sins, so Cobb's humor takes him through his stories, overstuffed as they are with self-praise, and filled to capacity with the "I" element, in such a manner that the reader becomes totally unaware of the big "I" complex and boastful gait of the author. As a washwoman uses soap to take the dirt from clothes, so Cobb uses humor to take the odor from self-praise.

But in spite of an overabundant amount of self-glorification — the inspiring stories in which he makes himself the leading man — the boastful Cobb gives the reader a true and lasting picture of the intricate workings of a newspaper shop and a vivid impression of the adventurous and troublesome life of a good

reporter. The difficulty a newspaper usually has is not to find sufficient material with which to fill up space, but to cut down the supply to what is interesting, what is important, what is vital. This, then, is the news and it is the function of the various editors to cramp and crowd and compress this material into each edition of the paper.

That a newspaper shop is run like a mad house, and that at the hour of going to press it approaches more and more the likeness of an insane asylum, with men running to and fro, with the editors shouting orders, and with men everywhere uttering shrieks and tigerish roars, is a false illusion that has been grafted onto the minds of many through the medium of the movies. A newspaper shop is at no time a very quiet place, but it is apt to be more quiet than ever just before the paper goes to press, when men are working against the clock, and a thousand small things must be taken care of before the long white sheets hit the streets as early or late editions of the daily paper.

Even though the movies have painted an erroneous picture of the newspaper shop two hours before press time, they have left us with the correct impression of a reporter. Hollywood's version of a newspaper reporter is almost true to the letter. A reporter's life is never a life of routine; there is no rut into which he

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may fall and continue to be a reporter, because each day's job differs in some particular from yesterday's job; each day presents some new quirk, some unique angle which gives to every undertaking the spice of novelty. That is why reporters never seem to fall into routine or become creatures of habit.

A good newspaper reporter is at the same time a good detective, who possesses the ability not only to write, but also to think and to act as the situation requires. Metropolitan newspaper traditions are dotted thick with annals of reporters who ferreted out crimes after the police had failed. There is possibly no

profession where the chances for individual initiative, for exercise of the ability to think and act quickly, are so frequent.

In the book *Myself to Date* Cobb gives the reader these facts and many more, all wrapped up in lively, interesting narration, and tied with the chord of humor. In spite of his desire to occupy the center of the stage and drink in the applause and glory that sprout from his yarn, the book is good reading that gets a grip on the reader in the opening paragraph and swings him swiftly and pleasantly through page after page until the final chapter. Cobb's *Myself to Date* is a lot of fun.



ABOVE THE DELTA

By Richard J. Trame '38

In the boggy lowlands along the muddy Mississippi scores of wild creatures thrive and prosper amidst the rampant vegetation, but man in his natural need for companionship and civilization seems to smoulderingly degenerate and gradually becomes dull and apathetic.

Here an early autumnal sun shone brightly on a rickety fisherman's hut, perched on slender stilts high above the bank of the sluggish river. Inside the shack a broken, middle-aged woman was sadly sharing her weighty burdens with a competent and serene Catholic priest.

"I know now, Father, that I did wrong in marrying John Envall," confessed the tiny woman despondently.

"That is past history, Anna. We can do nothing about that. The future and your children is what most concerns us now," answered the kind Father Mahern.

Wincing slightly under the blow of this statement, Mrs. Envall shrugged her drooping shoulders helplessly. "Father, I have spoken to him often about the children, their education and religion, but he simply ignores the entire matter."

"Yes, Anna, I realize the trouble that confronts you. Maybe this year the grace of God will encourage your husband to cross the river soon, and thus enable the children to start to school on time, and also give himself a better opportunity to gain employment during the winter. Let us both pray that his stubborn head will be changed by the grace of God.

In the meantime keep your chin up and your soul white," admonished the holy priest as he prepared to leave.

As Father Mahern made his difficult way through the weeds up onto the road, Mrs. Envall's troubled glance shifted slowly along the beach to the spot where a hunched, bronzed figure sat idly smoking his pipe. Her face grew hard as she descended the creaky steps and limped toward the man on the box.

"John, won't you please cross the river and look for work — soon?"

The man scarcely glanced at her, but continued silently puffing on his dirty pipe. Beneath the grey, overhanging sky his shallow cheeks and sharp jaw were a perfect picture of Puritanic narrowness and intolerance.

Hopelessly she pursued her question. "The children, John — they should get started in school."

"Huh — so that black-robed Catholic minister of yours has been here again?"

"Yes, John."

"You don't see my minister poking his nose into my affairs, do you?"

"No, John."

With significant nonchalance Mr. Envall returned the pipe to his sneering lips and began to ply his fishing lines. Sensing that her husband was not going to reply, Mrs. Envall went slowly back toward the hut. Halfway up the beach she turned as if to speak, but no words passed from her cracked lips. Apparently

changing her mind, she called in a shrill voice, "Clara, bring the potato basket and come here. Tell David to go after some water."

"He isn't here, Mother." The men were always gone when she needed them — gone or busy with the lines.

At the end of the unkept garden Mrs. Envall waited for her daughter. Then, finding the row where the potatoes had last been dug, she unearthed the runty tubers while the frail child gathered them into the basket. After digging a few hills Mrs. Envall suddenly dropped the spade, grabbed the basket, and marched out of the garden, leaving Clara standing there bewildered and frightened.

— — —

The wild grass withered along the swamp, while on the surrounding hills the late asters slowly faded into seed. During the chilly evenings Mrs. Envall watched the sinking sun and noticed how the shadows crept nearer and nearer the hut. The shadows of winter and desolation creeping constantly closer.

On the top of the stairs she sat with eyes riveted on her husband as he plodded slovenly toward the cabin. As he clopped up the stairs their eyes met icily, but neither man nor wife spoke a word.

She went inside and began scraping cornmeal out of a tin container. "The last of the cornmeal, John," she muttered.

For answer he merely grunted.

"Are you going to town tomorrow and —?"

"No."

"We need flour, John."

Again he grunted and only looked out of the cabin onto the bleak river below. For a moment Mrs. Envall stood holding the empty container, waiting for her hus-

band to answer. He remained silent.

Then with a sudden jerk she threw the container to the floor and boldly confronted him, shrieking, "Answer me, you stubborn, old fool. If you want to kill me it's perfectly all right, but our children you must protect. If you won't go into town tomorrow I will row across the river myself."

"Yes, Anna — soon," was the old man's laconic reply.

There followed many days along the river when the sun was hidden by bleak, grey skies, when long lines of water fowl were winging their noisy way southward. Mrs. Envall watched them every evening as she anxiously awaited her husband's return from the river — but never did he say what she hoped.

Yesterday he had said, "Ideal conditions for trapping." He then pointed to three smelly muskrat skins hanging on the wall to prove the truth of his statement.

Today she watched John pull up the boat and plod his awkward way toward the cabin. Today she must know — today.

"You've — you have been looking for work and a house?" she questioned boldly, while her weary blue eyes followed his every movement demanding an answer.

"No, Anna," he said. "You don't seem to understand. Just a couple more weeks of good trapping, then we'll go."

"I don't understand?" she cried. Her voice was strained. "How many years do I have to go through this hell on earth to understand? No, John, it is you who doesn't understand. The children and I want to live in town as other people do. But no — you have to fish, trap and suck the very life out of our hungry

ABOVE THE DELTA

bodies. John, if you don't care enough for me, at least remember the children. They haven't been to school on time for years. Father Mahern says —"

"Father Mahern to hell! If that black-robe doesn't stay away from here I'll kill him."

"But the children and I are Catholics," she defended weakly.

Without bothering to answer Mr. Envall walked out onto the porch. When finally his beaten wife looked out he was busily hacking on a small board. Probably he was making another stretcher on which to dry pelts. The nights grew colder. The dry leaves on the trees rattled in the wind and fell softly to the ground. The gulls flew restlessly over the choppy waters. Then finally one night a cold mantle of snow shrouded the hut.

Mr. Envall rolled from his cold cot and turned to rouse his wife; too late — she was dead. With a pang of emptiness

in his heart this realization crept into his drowsy mind.

His face resolute and eyes moist, he called the children from their bed on the floor. "Do not wake your Mother, for she is very sick," he said between clinched teeth.

As he turned again toward his dead wife his frigid heart melted and said softly within him, "Yes, it was I who didn't understand. I'm sorry, Anna. I didn't know. Forgive me." With this he bent low and kissed her icy brow — the first sign of affection he had shown her for many a long year.

Then with hands thrust deep in his dirty pockets, shoulders hunched and unlighted pipe in his mouth, he waited for the children to dress. As they came toward him he turned and then slowly lowered his head while saying in barely an audible voice, "I didn't understand. I — I'm sorry."



SUNRISE

by

Robert Gaertner '37

The moon has slipped behind distant trees, that stand, sentinels, before the waking camp of day. Night is being bidden its last adieu, as silver-tone thrushes sound the call to arms. Everywhere tiny patches of sunlit fire shoot heavenward their glowing light. Jupiter's troops have risen to the summons of Apollo.

Misty Nymphs flutter about in swirling vales, setting and studding with pearls the velvety blades of green. On all there sparkles a silvery drop of dew, which slowly yields to the dancing sprites of Aeolus.

Darkened masses begin to detach themselves from dreamy landscapes. Nothing is seen, but everything is there. God has lifted the covering veil from the glorious canvas of nature. And now the sun brightens — piercing rays — glittering streams of light ride the air. The little flowers awaken with joy. The leaves stir in the quickening breeze. The rising sun is making vain efforts to peep through the hazy film that obscures the dreamy shimmering of a mountain lake.

Behold! the mist slowly rises — the sun bursts out in golden glory — disclosing the river inlaid with glistening stones, the dotted pastures and the fleeting background. Skies adorn themselves in pink and purple! Flowers and birds, and a sense of splendid aliveness fill the universe.

Men grow profound, Oh Master Painter, at sight of such riot of brilliancy and wealth of glory. Yes, Great God! We thank Thee for the sunrise.

FATHER FEENEY; MODERN ESSAYIST

By Edmund Ryan '38

In the literary world of today there is one essayist who, in my estimation, surpasses the rest, that famous Jesuit, Leonard Feeney. The essays of Fr. Feeney, fourteen in all, are compiled in his recently published "Fish on Friday." In this book is contained a variety of selections that aptly demonstrate the vast store of the author's knowledge.

Practically all of Father Feeney's essays treat of the commonplace incidents of life. "Sheenarinka," considered by most critics as his best work, pictures to us a congenial old Irish schoolmaster, a schoolmaster whose lively and hospitable spirit endears him not only to his forty or so vivacious pupils, but also to his multiplicity of readers. In "Little Minister," a striking example of religious tolerance is cleverly brought out. It plainly designates that friendships can be formed even by people with opposite ideas in regard to beliefs. It logically follows, therefore, as Father Feeney points out, that a Catholic priest and a Protestant minister can be the best of friends. Another of his notable works is "Little Slipper Street," a story in which the demure little nuns of the convent take the greatest interest in Peter, their altar boy. According to the story, Peter becomes ill and is unable to serve Mass. No other boy but Peter would do, although up to that time he had been anything but a server's model. Upon his return to the convent

several days later, Peter was given a joyous welcome by the good nuns, who had in their inimitable way missed this lonely, ludicrous figure.

In all these reminiscent essays, there are certain messages which the author desires to communicate to his readers. For instance, in "Fish on Friday," one of his expository writings, Father Feeney's shrewd and satirical thoughts entertain the fact that most Catholics don't eat fish on Friday, but that that custom, like many others pertaining to the Catholic religion, is of times (one may even say with certainty, most of the time) misunderstood by non-Catholics. The point in his essay, "Madonna of the Kitchen," is, in reality, a most serious one. It is a forceful work which is not a little derogatory to birth-control-minded people. With a variety of ironical remarks does he hurl daggers at these modern proponents of birth-control.

But not all of his writings disparage quasi, and sometimes openly anti-Catholic matter. In "Good Christian," the author portrays two humble ladies of the Y.W.C.A., who had been traveling in Europe. His record of their meeting, with all its amusing incidents, plainly indicates the amicable feeling of friendliness rather than the hostile attitude of bigotry.

In keeping with his claim that a rich source of literature is to be found in the

world of Catholicism, Father Feeney strives to and succeeds in making one appreciate the commonplace incidents of life, which in each instance are so penetratingly keen that one instantaneously perceives his explanation of Catholic doctrines and Catholic customs.

In each of these writings the author's thought is able to be pierced only partially. That the author has a far more definite purpose than the surface motive, which the casual reader obtains, is indicated by the seemingly uncommunicated thoughts, that can be, but with difficulty interpreted.

It is conceded that poetry must be rhythmic, harmonic, and smooth flowing. Father Feeney is a poet; he has accomplished the singular feat of merging poetry into prose. His trend of reasoning in the placidly flowing lines, due to the author's depth of thought, is sometimes difficult to follow. The facility, however, with which the book is read, connotes the simplicity of the author's style. A learned reviewer writing in the "*Catholic Book News Letter*," pays the following tribute to the essays of Fr. Feeney: "These fourteen essays are alike in this, they sparkle with humor, they flash with wit, they brim over with kindness, they are tender with pathos, they are bright with whimsicality, they cut with shrewdness,

they are solid with wisdom. They are, all fourteen, perfectly delightful and charming, and they do, somehow or other, remain in the memory with the vividness, almost of personal experience."

It cannot be denied that Father Feeney is not only an exceptional modern essayist, but also that he is, without a doubt, a progressive writer. That is to say, he deals chiefly with modern topics in his writing, such as in "Madonna of the Kitchen," and "Good Christian." The effect of these essays is to make the reader happy, humorous, reminiscent, kindlier, and more understanding.

Many people, non-Catholics in particular, may defame him as an author. The fact, however, that he has attained such prominence in the literary world in less than two years, is in itself, enough of a proof to smash their bigoted ideas. Also the rating given him by the unbiased litterateurs testifies his true worth as a writer. The privileged editor first to read Father Feeney's works pronounced them the most perfect short pieces he had ever read. A distinguished critic remarks: "But why doesn't he stop writing poetry and give all his efforts to the writing of prose? It's his prose that will be most widely read and longest remembered. His prose is exquisite."



MOUNT ST. SEPULCHRE

By Leonard Reichlin '38

True it is that our National Capital is the soul of America expressed by means of lovely memorials and monuments, expensive public buildings, gorgeous parks and tree-lined avenues. Yet to see Washington completely you must also visit Mount St. Sepulchre, more commonly known as the Franciscan Monastery. It is a spot far removed from the unique city of contrasts, situated on the brow of a hill, beautifully landscaped and terraced amid a veritable wilderness of verdant foliage overlooking the suburb of Brookland.

Once within the inspiring portals of the Monastery grounds you easily forget the world with all its distractions and perplexities. It is as if you were in the peaceful Garden of Eden itself. As you enter you are immediately impressed by the purposeful arrangement of every statue, every shrine, indeed, every item that greets your eyes. While you walk up a well-kept path your attention is first directed to a life-size statue of St. Christopher and the Child, who seems to have guided you safely to this spot. Then, immortalized in bronze, in the center of a large circular flower bed, is a statue of the ever amiable St. Francis persuading a small boy to free his captive doves. On each side of the church majestically rises a flag pole, the one flying our own Stars and Stripes; the other, the flag of the Holy Land.

Immediately surrounding the lawns and

gardens of the church is an extensive cloistered walk called the Rosary Portico, made possible by the generosity of Catholics in almost every nook and corner of the world. Beneath its vaulted roof the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary are vividly portrayed by means of exquisite chapels, while the varicolored stucco on its colonnade and arches provides a fitting frame for glimpses of rose gardens and statuary. Before entering the church proper you are directed to a small stone chapel toward its left. It is the Portiuncula Shrine, a reproduction of the place where St. Francis of Assisi witnessed his first vision of the future greatness of the Franciscan Order, and where St. Claire, received by him, made her religious profession.

The church itself, built in the form of a five-fold cross, is constructed in the Byzantine style of architecture modified to correspond with Franciscan simplicity. As you enter the church (which is not a copy of any other building in existence) through the sacristy and St. Joseph's chapel, your attention is first drawn to a shrine dear to your heart — an exact reproduction of the Holy Sepulchre as it stands today in Jerusalem. In the vestibule of this shrine is a fragment of stone similar to the one on which the angel was seated on the first Easter morning. The tomb itself is a replica of that in which the body of Christ rested for three days and which witnessed His

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glorious resurrection.

Immediately in front of the sepulchre is the "Stone of the Anointing." Constructed of lovely Palestinian marble, it represents the spot on which the body of Christ was prepared for burial. Four tall, richly decorated candles mounted in massive golden candlesticks stand at its corners.

Your curiosity is next aroused by the large center altar, whose dome of white marble is supported by four columns in honor of the four Evangelists. Twelve vigil lights, dedicated to the twelve Apostles, are suspended from the canopy. All this is so captivating that when seen it is deeply inspiring.

Eminent among the many altars which adorn the interior of the church are the Altar of Tabor, the Altar of St. Francis of Assisi, the Altar of the Holy Ghost, the Altar of Calvary, the Altar of the Sacred Heart, and the Altar of St. Anthony of Padua, with their marble steps and with fitting backgrounds of gorgeous murals and magnificent stained glass windows.

The uncommon feature of the Monastery is the catacombs, built in replica of those in Rome. Crude paintings and friezes of the early Christian symbols cover the walls. Here and there these dim subterranean passages widen into grotto-like chapels, commemorating the places where the most important saints were buried. Here the Chapels of St. Sebastian, St. Agnes, and St. Cecilia are particularly worthy of mention.

Leading off from the catacombs is the Purgatory or All Souls Chapel. On

the walls of this semi-dark shrine are grim reminders of death. The altar is draped in black, while the pillars which support the walls are constructed of black stone with imitations of bones and skulls on their capitals. It is said that even the most hardened sinners who visit this chapel are moved to repentance. However, in spite of its awesome atmosphere, the Purgatorian Chapel reminds us, by means of a large mural, that there is a way to rise from the dead; namely, through the Cross of Calvary.

Passing through the arch behind the altar, you find yourself approaching the grotto of Bethlehem. Here you see an exact facsimile in miniature of the spot where Jesus was born as it stands today in the Church of the Nativity in Jerusalem.

It is refreshing to come out again into the fresh air and warm sunshine, and to walk through the Rosary Portico down a steep but picturesque winding trail into the Valley of Gethsemane. Amid a profusion of shrubs, attractive rock gardens, and alluring paths, are many shrines. Here is the Grotto of Gethsemane, the individual Way of the Cross, the famous Grotto of Lourdes, the Tomb of the Blessed Virgin, the Chapel of the Ascension, and the little Coptic house of Egypt where the Holy Family remained during Herod's persecution.

As you walk through this profusion of sheer beauty the strains of that immortal composition, "In a Monastery Garden" seem to fill the air. Truly the spirit of good St. Francis himself seems to hover over Mount St. Sepulchre.

WHY STUDY EGYPTIAN LITERATURE

By Frederick O'Brien '37

Why in the name of intelligence should we study that antiquated subject, Egyptian Literature? Perhaps many a student has asked this question on beginning his course in World Literature. Several reasons should prove sufficient to convince the questioner that no mistake was made when the dusty papyri were resurrected from oblivion and deciphered for his intellectual advancement as well as his enjoyment.

Of the many motives for reading any type of literature, the desire for information is probably the chief incentive. Think of the millions of newspapers and periodicals that are daily sold because people are desirous of knowing what is happening in this interesting world of ours. When Hitler broke the Locarno Treaty; when the Spaniards inaugurated a Civil War; when the historic Johnstown flood of 1889 became a reality in 1936; or even when the Reds beat the Cubs in a baseball game the streamer lines of the newspapers fairly shouted the news, and entire pages were devoted to the details. People in every walk of life are willing to part with three pennies to purchase these papers simply because they are eager to gain the information they contain.

Publishers and newspaper editors, being aware of the ready market which informative literature enjoys, are willing to work untiringly to present all sorts of printed matter to the news-greedy public. Yet, comparatively speaking, the

efforts expended on these papers and pamphlets seem insignificant when one thinks of the amount of work the readers of the world's greatest philological treasure, "The Rosetta Stone," had to do to transfer the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics to the English through a Greek key. These men worked tirelessly from 1798, when the "Rosetta Stone" was discovered by the French, until recently that students today might have a vast, new educational field in which to travel in quest of knowledge.

In reading that lengthy work, "The Book of the Dead," which is considered the world's oldest book, having been written between the years 3600 and 2600 B.C., we find our minds opening to vast stores of information concerning the early Egyptians. Especially interesting are the insights into their religious beliefs. Just exactly what concept they held of supernatural life should be delightful for us to discover, to say the least. We can read about these notions in their entirety in "The Book of the Dead," because it is believed that the entire portion of the work is preserved. For its preservation we can be grateful to the Egyptians' idea of supernatural life. For, according to their belief, the soul had to recite certain prayers before the judgment seat of Osiris. Acting on this the mourners, fearing lest the dead person should forget the formula of prayers, carved these prayers on the walls of their tombs and likewise enclosed printed papyri in the

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coffins with the mummies.

Thus we can learn from the one hundred and sixty-five chapters of interesting as well as informative literature many religious customs and prayers of the Egyptians. Perhaps an excerpt from this book will help to illustrate some of their beliefs more concretely. The following extract is taken from the chapter entitled "The Soul's Declaration of Innocence":

"I have not told falsehoods
I have not been immoral
I have not murdered."

This quotation should be a mental jolt to the observant student, for he now realizes that the Egyptians had written down portions of the natural law long before the Hebrews engraved the Decalogue on stone tablets, the latter occurring only in the fifteenth century before Christ.

Lest the reader think that "The Book of the Dead" is the only work written on Egyptian Religion, several more titles can be offered. "The Book of Breathing Anew" and "The Metamorphoses," both interesting if obscure allegories, likewise add to our knowledge of the pristine religious beliefs of the Egyptians.

Knowledge of Egyptian Religion is not the only information that can be gleaned from their literature; interesting side-lights on their history can likewise be obtained. Thus the student who wants to know why he should be burdened with that musty course can gain, if he but reads extracts from the ancient priest-historian Manetho, information of early historical events by a man who was either an eye witness or was close to the scene. He should be happy to learn that the early Egyptians were ruled by gods and heroes; what political and social

conditions were then in vogue; that the Egyptians fought the Ethiopians long before the great Mussolini or even Caesar existed.

Continuing in our search for knowledge we find that the "Maxims of Phah-Hotep," which were written about the year 3000 B.C., are most worthy of our examination. Even though some of these precepts are pagan in nature (our minds should be keen enough to sift the true from the false), those that were written under the guidance of the natural law may at least be considered just as interesting and instructive as the adages in "Poor Richard's Almanac." By quoting a few lines from these maxims we can see of what type they are.

"Be not thou puffed up with thy learning; honor the wise neither withhold thy honor from the simple."

This proverb may seem rather homely, but we must admit that the pagan author has said something worth our reading. Then again, almost every student of Latin studies the "De Senectute"; why should he not read what Phah-Hotep had to say about old age? His production was over three thousand years old when Cicero was born. The following extract is a good sample of the type of literature found in his essay on old age:

"Who shall give unto my tongue authority to utter unto the young men the counsels of old? Or who vouchsafe unto me to declare the counsels received from on high?"

Knowledge, however, is not the only fruit of our reading. Outside of our textbooks, most of our reading is for pleasure. What transports of joy did we not experience on reading *David*

WHY STUDY EGYPTIAN LITERATURE

Copperfield or *Ivanhoe*; and what sadness filled our hearts when we read the tragic opera *Rigoletto* or Shakespeare's *Hamlet*! Yet these comparatively modern authors are not the only ones who offer us hours of enjoyment through the sweat of their brows. Over four thousand years ago Egyptian men laboriously traced their pens across papyri to offer to mankind their heritage of interesting literature.

During the period which Julian Hawthorne says might be called the "Augustine Age" of Egyptian Literature, the reign of Rameses II, (died 1333 B.C.), many captivating stories were written. Perhaps the most famous of these is "The Tale of Two Brothers," a story of the havoc worked by a woman upon two brothers. "The Poem of Pindaur," which celebrates the bravery of Seti II in the

battle with the Hittites, furnishes us with a very vivid as well as fascinating account of early warfare.

It is true that we in the twentieth century with our great inventions and luxuries are prone to look down on the ancient Egyptian people and their primitive ways. Yet, if we remember that they gave valuable gifts to civilization such as the process of embalming, of making paper, and stonework, our appreciation of them is increased. Therefore, if by our study of their literature we are able to find out that they were just as intelligent as we are, and if their literature affords us other bits of information, as well as hours of pleasant occupation, then we have ample reason for studying this literature.



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EDITORIALS

Guest Editorial

The literary journal of any Catholic college has more than a mere reason whereby it may plead for its existence. All the life of Catholicism should throb in its veins; all the fire of the love of God should burn in its soul, for it labors in a holy cause.

Literature has its undisputed place in the progress of modern Catholic education, and possessing such importance, it must take its place in the Catholic institution which recognizes the importance of Catholic Action. The ideals of such a home of learning must embody the principles which will relate Letters to the needs of a true Catholic Revival. It will serve best the students in its care if it offers to them the finest opportunities to study the Fine Art of letters in the light of their Faith.

This the College may do by unfolding to eager eyes the secret of Beauty. The whole world of books, replete with word, phrase, and line of artistic worth, awaits the appreciative fingering of the Catholic student: the rugged simplicity of the Middle Ages, the austere line of classic verse, the shimmering song of the dreamer. The pen that writes of the wind in the sedge, of the awful stillness of a snowy evening, of all things steeped in brightness, has no mystery for the guided student of the Catholic world. He knows how Beauty must ever and always come from the Hand of God.

So too the College may impart to the

young student the magic in the making of literature. The master may guide the hand of youth to show the color of words, as luring as blue and crimson on a palette; the student may be taught to listen long so as to fill his page with the rhythm of words. All this the Catholic College may do if it orientates the fine art of literature in its curriculum.

Yet nothing, perhaps, will so help the institution as the use of the literary journal. The serious study of the traditions of the past, all of which are a necessary foundation for the making of criticism, will begin to entrance the student who writes for his fellows. Modest research and a freedom of expression will open for him the craft of the critic. He may lay before the minds of his readers his discoveries, albeit sometimes immature, of the Beauty that awaits the turning of a page. All such assimilation will enrich his soul, will mold his character, will make of him a better student.

There is, likewise, the opportunity for originality, born of the chance to publish in a literary journal. The joy of creativeness is one which should not be denied the ambitious student; one which the Catholic College will encourage to the fullest. The brilliance of others' thoughts may increase the brightness of his own; the spark struck in his imagination from the glow of another's fancy may set fire to his soul, and the urge may follow—the irrepres- sible joy of being a craftsman.

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Each of these things is possible when the Catholic College through the medium of its journal unveils the wondrous world of all that is beautiful.

The Rev. Paul F. Speckbaugh, C. PP. S.

Ambition

There is one laudable ambition which ever persists in the mind of the average youth; an ambition to which no taint of odium exists; an ambition which enables this youth to spend many happy hours in day-dreaming and castle-building; an ambition which is finally realized when he proudly views his name scrolled on the register of some college.

Now after spending a glorious three months vacation amidst the turmoil of metropolitan life this youth, with ambition as his main weapon, enters the portals of St. Joseph's College. Without prejudice or remorse let him take a panoramic view of life as it surrounded him and he will find to his utter amazement, conditions almost unbelievable.

This observant youth can readily recognize the godlessness of our age, the modern craze for production, a cursable, hatred of work, and an inordinate desire for pleasure which have engrossed this generation until the true meaning of joy is poisoned with pessimistic discontent. Men now worship the golden calf of material gain, and treasure the almighty dollar as their salvation. Steady toil and grinding, together with the feverish haste and excitement of minute efficiency and piece work, have brought on a life of such enormous pressure that God is entirely forgotten.

With discerning foresight Emerson once said, "In our large cities the population is godless, materialistic, — no bond, no

fellow-feeling, no enthusiasm. These are not men, but hungers, thirsts, fevers and appetites, walking. There is no faith in the intellectual, none in the moral universe. There is faith in chemistry, in wealth, in machinery, and in public opinion, but not in divine causes."

Even in social activities is found the same unrest and despondency. Theaters, banquets, amusements, shows — all are places where people, in a vain quest for happiness, foolishly spend the money which they have earned by grinding their souls on the rough emery wheel of life. Simple pleasures and the serene home life have faded into oblivion.

Thus by individual, social and national problems is man pressed on every side until the guiding light of optimism is completely smothered. To the unhappy man involved in this vicious circle it seems that the fiendish powers of hell were turned loose upon the universe to torture and torment the human race.

But why all this pessimism? Is there no hope? Do people not remember the words of Patrick Henry: "There is a just God Who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us?" Have they lost their trust in that God completely? The answer is an emphatic "no."

The trouble with many of us is our haunting fear of making the long, hard drive toward our ambitions. The baboon must climb the tree for his coconut, and as long as we are on this earth we will have to struggle for success. Let every man, therefore, with hope in his heart, a smile on his lips, and a trust in his God, work for joy and contentment. Let us start at the bottom of life's ladder and continue through ardent effort until we reach the pot of gold, which lies waiting at the foot of every rainbow.

R. J. T. '38.

EDITORIALS

Participation

If you want knowledge, study; if you want success, participate. How obvious the necessity of participation is, yet how lightly it is heeded in those things which do not particularly please us. Toward building a successful life, participation in only the pleasing activities is like playing the second best hand in a poker game. Both are worthless.

Participate in all the clubs, societies, and sports that you can. Through these will you learn to make priceless friendships, to acquire valuable cooperation, to express and discuss intelligently your own opinions and accept and evaluate those of others, and to realize that general basis on which people in social life meet one another.

Participate in all your studies. Be more than bodily present at your classes. Prepare your assignments conscientiously, studying objectively the subject's various phases. To like your course you must know it; to know it you must study it and take part in class exercises.

Participate in the religious life of the school. Do not merely attend Mass or witness Benediction; assist meditatively at them. Granting that a successful life means that every phase of living be adequately, sensibly, and harmoniously emphasized, religion is the stabilizing influence.

A full, successful life is like a sphere rolling smoothly through the universe.

J. K. '39



CRITICISM

Books

BISHOP CHALLONER

1691 - 1781

By M. Trappes-Lomax

During the seventeenth century after the Catholic King James II had been betrayed and compelled to leave his country in 1689, Catholics of England were given the choice either of exile, total desertion of their faith, or the hangman's noose.

The English Catholics, being taxed beyond justice, ostracized from social affairs, both public and private, and cruelly oppressed by tyrants, were driven into desperate hiding. It was because of these harsh measures, dim to the minds of so many Catholics, that the faint glimmer of Catholicism, which survived, was coerced to take shelter beneath the roofs of a few faithful nobles.

It was at this period of English Catholicism, "which lies between the last martyrdom and the Restoration of the Hierarchy," that Richard Challoner "did more for the English Catholics than any other single man." He was nothing less than the Good Samaritan of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Through the wet, foggy, cold nights he trudged, bringing oil to pour into the wounds of the desperate, and wine to stimulate the carefree faith of the handful of English Catholics who dwelt on the estates of the nobles, not to mention the enormous relief his literature brought

to those whom he was unable to visit personally.

"The inevitable cannot be avoided." Some skillful master had to discover those precious jewels of invaluable material sparkling from the source-books, and paint with a verbal brush the picture of this saintly Bishop for the reading public.

With a style that is unique and pleasant, Michael Trappes-Lomax holds the attention of the reader by a vivid and fascinating description of the unhappy life of the eighteenth century Catholics. The author's frequent quotations of private letters display the respect and esteem with which Bishop Challoner's contemporaries held him, as well as expose his own true, humble character. There is also a note of humor here and there in the lines of this book, as when his pulpit would be a tavern's corner, and his audience would have a fine draught of beer and ale at hand—an adequate pretense for their presence.

Richard Challoner not only endeavored to keep the flames of Catholicism smoldering, but he kindled them into a blaze. The relief Act of 1778, permitting Catholics to have their Shepherds among the Flock, was passed a few years before his death. A brighter and more secure future lay ahead. Truly, indeed, Bishop Challoner is an ideal well worth having.

Peter Brickner '38

CRITICISM

THE GATES OF HELL

By Erik von Kuhnelt-Leddihn

Translated by I. J. Collins

Did you ever read a prologue that really held your interest; one you can truthfully say you enjoyed? I regret that I was never sufficiently fortunate to happen upon one which touched my fancy until good old curiosity opened my eyes to the prologue of "The Gates of Hell." Settling myself in a comfortable chair I began to read. How long I sat in that chair, and what went on around me, I do not know. I merely know that "many thousands of people in Europe fell victims to Bolshevism." So forcefully was this fact expressed, and so completely did I lose myself in contemplation that I resolved then and there to read the book, to satisfy my curiosity.

The theme is the struggle of Catholicism against Communism, Bolshevism, and the other numerous isms. A young German is a spy for the Jesuits in the U.S.S.R. He is evidently on a mission to instil Catholic questionings into Bolsheviks and prepare for a great conversion to a new Catholic culture. This character, Eugene During, proves conclusively that an active Catholic layman has greater romantic appeal than a public enemy No. 1, a Spanish rebel, a white-coated scientist, or anyone else of any other profession. This is, perhaps, the main objective of the author, and he successfully accomplishes it.

"The Gates of Hell" is undoubtedly sensational, frank, and propagandist, if I may use such threadbare labels. It contains instances of exciting escapades that rival the best of Zane Grey, and descriptions that any ultra-modern writer would be proud to possess. Although

I do not like to use destructive criticism, I find it necessary to mention that the author is at times rather inconsistent. At one place or another he explicitly points out and condemns faults which at other places in the book he displays. Likewise, his sarcasm in regard to the various isms borders too closely on a deeply felt hate. His attitude to Marxism is almost that of a Roman toward a Carthaginian, or a Nazi toward a Jew.

The *Catholic World* in its review of this book says: "Some people should read it, and others should not. But in any case it is not to be ignored." If you are groping for enlightenment on the subject of Communism and the other isms; if you want to know the daily run of life in Communistic states; if you wish to learn to appreciate democracy, here is the answer to your prayer. Here is the book that makes you fear, what next.

Edward Gruber '37

Films

Biography and history, a war nurse and an earthquake, were the themes of the two outstanding cinema productions of the torrid summer months. Truly, "The White Angel" and "San Francisco" were definitely designed and shrewdly devised to give us "Entertainment" in great, big letters.

Like "The Story of Louis Pasteur," Warner Brothers' latest venture into the realm of biography recites, reverently and sincerely, the saga of Florence Nightingale. This production shows such great good taste and admirable restraint, makes so few obvious bids for sympathy, and refuses to descend to any cheapness of false sentimentality, that it is widely appreciated.

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Impressively photographed and staged, "The White Angel" tells how this daughter of the aristocracy shook off the shackles that bound conventional Victorian womanhood, opened the profession of nursing to women as a respectable career until, her work recognized by the public, she was graciously received by Queen Victoria. There the picture ends, though Miss Nightingale's work has continued on through the ages. From beginning to end "The White Angel" is a stirring account of her fight against prejudice, jealousy and pestilence. Often this cinema is beautiful, frequently dramatic, and always, an eloquent obituary of a great woman. No Hollywood romance this, but an inspiring record of a real woman's work.

Kay Francis, imbued with the spirit of her lofty undertaking, never falters in her portrayal and at times rises to great heights of theatrical endeavor. Though Miss Francis is no Paul Muni, and her platitudinous utterances make her appear more concerned with creating history than doing the work for itself, "The White Angel" comes as an entirely acceptable film sister to "The Story of Louis Pasteur."

The lavish account of the last days of the bawdy Barbary Coast, "San Francisco" culminates into one of the most terrific and thrilling spectacles ever filmed. This camera record of the quake and fire of 1906 is a technical masterpiece. Seldom has any great catastrophe been imitated with such savage reality, and because of these sequences alone "San Francisco" attains outstanding appeal. The addition of sound adds to the terror and realism as the earth yawns and buildings crumble into heaps of debris.

This rousing melodrama has the conventional but not unlikable story of Clark Gable as tough boss of the Barbary Coast, and Jeanette MacDonald as a choir singer, who strays into Mr. Gable's "Paradise" bordello and later becomes an opera star at the famous Tivoli. This singing princess of the screen sings everything from typical songs, arias from "La Traviata" and "Faust" to "Jerusalem" and "Nearer My God to Thee." The scenes between Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, as a priest, serve as a sort of offstage commentation on the wickedness of the times. Tracy, by the way, gives one of the most honest and intelligent performances of his splendid career.

Despite the authentic settings and the efforts of a large and able cast, "San Francisco's" only claim to greatness is in the remarkable earthquake scenes. They will shake you right out of your seat. But as everyone will see this cinema for its thrills and sensationalism, no further recommendation is necessary.

Richard J. Trame '38.

Magazines

Doran Hurley in his recent article "Our Church Is Modern As Any," in the *America* (Vol. 55, Sept. 19, pp. 559-560) presents a highly interesting treatise on modern ecclesiastics and their new policies in governing their parishes. As in several chapters of his latest book, *Monsignor*, Mr. Hurley employs a middle-aged Irish woman as the purveyor of his mental creations. Expressing her ideas and attitudes on the new order in her own homely and vastly intriguing way she begins by relating what wonderful executive and business qualities the new pastor pos-

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sesses. She then proceeds to tell how progressive he was in constructing a new school building and remodeling and re-decorating the Church, how up-to-date in organizing the boy's choir, how farsighted in introducing the speaking system, how brilliant in giving lectures on the modern litterateurs, how bright in forming the budget system, and how unthoughtful in breaking down the old traditions so loved by the older folks to give way to the so-called achievements of the day. Although expressing pride in the recent accomplishments she, nevertheless, yearns for the old observances and practices so ruthlessly assigned to the waste basket. In her heart of hearts she misses the beautiful singing of the old choir as well as the decorated statues which gave way to handpaintings and mosaics. The sympathetic kindness of the old priest, his tenderness and love, the man who refused to take up a collection when most of his parishioners were unemployed, leave an impassable void in her rent heart. Even though her mind is with the new pastor and her efforts behind his recent innovations, her heart and her love are with the old pastor and the old order.

In this cleverly written article Doran Hurley, in a genial, satirical manner, compares the modernistic tendencies or fallacies with the old order. Even when seemingly pointing out the great advantages of the new era, he unmistakably impresses the reader with its many errors and disadvantages. A mocking and ironical atmosphere pervades the entire story. The rendition of his impressions, however, is so penetratingly keen that after reading the first two sentences one is irresistibly drawn on to the completion, and even then one wishes the end had not come so soon. In depicting the feelings,

emotions, and attitudes of the majority of the middle-aged people of today in reference to the new regime of clergymen the author has succeeded admirably well. His theme, a pleasant tolerance of the changing times yet a heartfelt sorrow at the disappearance of the old, is based on actuality and cleverly wrought out. This subject is certain to be of interest to any Catholic reader.

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In a few brief paragraphs entitled, "Great English Letter Writers" (*Cath. World*, Vol. 143, Sept. '36, pp. 695-701), William John Tucker presents an array of the finest letter writers the English tongue knows. Lady Mary Montague, that striking and sagacious grande dame, whose correspondence classics have survived many alterations in wit and taste, intrigues us with her naturalness and vivacity. Then Lord Chesterfield's mis-sives on moral and social philosophy, expounded to his delinquent son, with their marked precision and frankness together with just a slight human touch of egotism, can not fail to impress our mental acumen. To anyone with the slightest knowledge of English literature the omission of Johnson's letters from any noted collection would be a colossal error. The variety of the moods expressed in his letters as well as his two famous styles, the monumental and domesticated, insure the reader of many happy minutes of blissful leisure. To all lovers of wit and pleasantries Horace Walpole's letters are fitted. In his fanciful imaginings he invests the commonest scenes with charm and interest. His name as a masterful letter writer will not die. Turning from the lively wit of Walpole we come to the serene cul-

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ture of Gray's mind, the man who possessed every literary qualification for a successful letter writer. Despite his shyness of disposition, his vigilance of diction, and his tone of sincerity he has never been known to have written a dull letter. Like Walpole, Cowper has the innate ability of rendering with charming delightfulness the commonplace incidents of everyday life. The ease and flow of his language, the refined joviality, the genuine wit, are the characteristics that mark him as one of the best of English letter writers.

William John Tucker offers for our perusal the letters of five of the most

distinguished literary men of the English language. In his brief remarks he conjures up in our intellects such living personalities in such concrete figures that it seems as though these famous personages were our life-long friends, as indeed they can be. Nor does he forget to add, as is proper, the minor failings of each. Mr. Tucker's article is successful, for his purpose — to urge his readers by arousing their intellectual curiosity to acquaint themselves with the masters of the art of correspondence — will not fail to touch a responsive chord in the heart of any intelligent reader.

Edmund J. Ryan '38



EXCHANGES

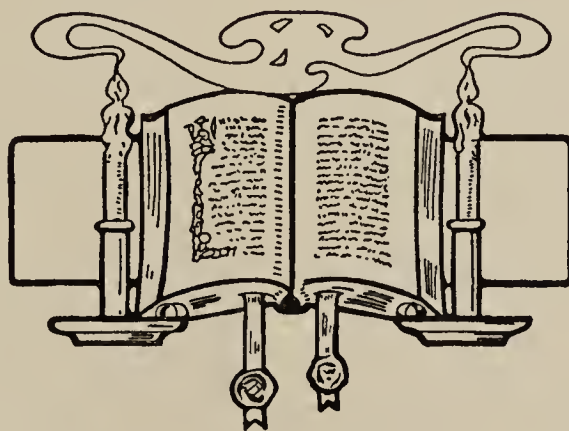
For the express purpose of preventing a college journal from becoming too provincial in scope, from growing stale as it were, a separate department, namely, the Exchange Department owes its existence. It is quite within reason to expect that the entire editorial staff of a periodical will exert its greatest efforts when it has a positive knowledge of a board of censors consisting of the Exchange editors on the staffs of the various periodicals scattered throughout the country. To keep from calling down a rebuff from one who is on a literary plane equal to our own is sufficient incentive to put forth a publication without reproach.

We, therefore, heartily welcome exchanges with all those student publications which did us the favor of exchanging with us in previous years. We moreover extend an open invitation to other journals which wish to barter with THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN.

This department, in expressing its appreciation for helpful suggestions received, welcomes such constructive criticism as a means of fulfilling our aim — improving our COLLEGIAN.

Looking forward with anticipation to the contacts we shall make through the exchange department during this scholastic year, we know that we shall enjoy it.

J. G. L. '39.



ALUMNI

June 16 marked the date of the initial and highly successful attempt at organization of the Cook County Alumni of St. Joseph's College.

Cooperation and Enthusiasm From the very outset enthusiasm was evident; despite the fact that only fifteen alum-

ni had been invited to this boosters' meeting seventeen attended it. During the course of the evening these seventeen ardent "loyalists" formulated the plans for a general business meeting to be held some time in August. At two subsequent preliminary meetings held during the summer before the big get-together on August 25 more than ordinary enthusiasm flowed.

The little more than two months rapidly ebbed away, and when on the night of the first regular meeting Mr. George Sindelar, temporary chairman, again took up the gavel, the response was very satisfactory. One might imagine that vacations would decrease the attendance, but not even they together with inclement weather could deter these determined St. Joe men from their objective—a progressive alumni chapter. The attendance of the first meeting was almost doubled when twenty-seven answered the call of the roll.

In order to tighten the bond of union thus formed, permanent officers were chosen. The following received the honors of President, Vice-President, and Secretary-Treasurer respectively: John Kallal, Bernard Lear, and George Rick. The Rev. Sylvester H. Ley was unani-

mously chosen chaplain of the infant organization.

To you, Cook County Alumni of St. Joseph's College, THE COLLEGIAN wishes continued success in your every endeavor. Will you not kindly inform us of your future activities? We are interested in you.

By far the largest percentage of the most recently dubbed Alumni have followed in the footsteps of so many before them by choosing St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio, as their next Alma Mater.

Having arrived there September 1, they should, after the short period of orientation, be quite well settled in their new phase of life. From all reports the neophytes seem overjoyed and contented in their new capacity.

The following are recent registrants at St. Charles: John Hoorman, Roman Anderson, Edward Bubala, Thomas Growney, Benedict D'Angelo, Charles Froelich, Joseph Smolar, Lawrence Mertes, Louis Telegdy, Alvin Burns, Urban Hoying, Herbert Bensman, Anthony Gamble, William Stack, Francis McCarthy, Ambrose Lengerich, William Frantz, Edward Zukowski, Robert Beckman, Robert Lux, Stanley Meiring, and Joseph Grevenkamp.

Might we suggest, first philosophers, that you choose a committee from your class to keep us posted on your records and achievements? We thank you.

ALUMNI

But if in the distribution of awards St. Charles received the "Summa," St. Meinrad's Seminary is next in merit. George Muresan writes from there: "As far as 'the gang-a' is concerned, there are eight of our class here: Fred Steining-er, Eugene Zimmerman, Timothy Doody, Robert Hoevel, Fred Schroeder, Albert Van Nevel, Bernard Shank, and myself. We're getting along splendidly, even though we're still a bit green." Thank you, George, for your breezy little note. Don't forget us. As last year's editor of THE COLLEGIAN you know that any bit of news about an alumnus will appear in this column — if it reaches us.

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The steady parade of many of St. Joseph's graduates to St. Gregory's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, was not precluded with the class of '36; Gerald Meyer and Henry Gzybowski have in turn added their personalities to the long list of St. Joe men who dot the campus of St. Gregory's. We ask you two to take turns at writing to us frequently as we wish you — well, it's all signified by your class colors. Give us a "picture" of seminary life, Gyb!

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Hardly had the atmosphere of the first COLLEGIAN staff business meeting dispersed when who should make his appearance on the campus

An Affable but one of its former
Visitor staff members, Tony
Seultzer, Business
Manager of '34-'35. From all appearances the life at the Sulpician Seminary, Washington, D. C., seems to be agreeing with Tony; he still carries the same pleasing smile which at college never waned under any responsibility.

Tony is by no means the only St. Joe alumnus who is pursuing his philosophical and theological studies there. Everyone was delighted to hear that a number of last year's graduates, namely, Donald Muldoon, James O'Connor, and Albert Ottenweller, have also matriculated at this seminary. Good luck to you, gentlemen; let us hear from you too. You know, or maybe you don't, that we want to hear from as many alumni this year as possible. And we are doing our part. At present three typists are busy writing letters by the hundreds. Should this information reach the attention of an alumnus who does not receive a letter, we ask him kindly to send us his address. Perhaps his present address is not on the register. We want to place it there, and we want it on our list also.

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Another name has been added to the number of our alumni who are in the land of Herr Hitler. James Scott is continuing his studies at Innsbruck where William McKune and Joseph Allgeier, '34, have spent the two years since their graduation from St. Joseph's.

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Every year St. Joseph's graduates are becoming more representative in every walk of life. Recently Gomar DeCocker, '34, joined the ranks of the army. He is at present stationed in Porto Rico.

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While on his way to Chicago where he had legal business pending, John Wanamaker, '11 stopped for a visit of a few days at St. Joseph's. He recognized many of his former fellow students and professors with whom he chatted of olden times and memories.

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Joy and sadness clasped hands at the

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completion of the new addition to the Science Building because of the accident to Paul Schumacher, '21, the contractor. While cleaning the outside of the building Paul fell from the third story. Lady Luck seemed to have been present, for Paul, with the exception of two broken ribs, suffered no other serious injury. THE COLLEGIAN wishes you a speedy recovery, Paul, and no more such hasty descents.

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ATTENTION ALL ALUMNI: Make this column the prime interest of your friends by keeping THE COLLEGIAN posted on your activities. Help THE COLLEGIAN by subscribing to it yourself and by encouraging other alumni to do the same. The following letter, several hundred copies of which are being mailed out to subscribers and non-subscribers alike, may fail to reach the attention of some of our readers. For this reason we print it here.

Dear Alumnus:

In order that St. Joseph's COLLEGIAN may improve in pace with the rapid development of the college itself, we who are responsible for the publication of the journal need your cooperation and assistance.

You, as a loyal alumnus, can give us your cooperation by writing to us,

telling us about yourself, giving us suggestions, and criticizing our deficiencies and mistakes.

You can give us your assistance by subscribing to THE COLLEGIAN which, meritorious as it has been in the past, has not been on a self-supporting basis, much less a paying one. It is our ambition this year to improve THE COLLEGIAN, to make it even more literary than it has been, more representative of the different departments and varied activities of the college, more appealing to all the alumni. Your subscription will help us appreciably.

The October issue goes to press the first day of the month. Kindly send us the amount of your subscription (\$1.50) at once so that we may know how many copies to order. And when you send us this amount, please tell us about yourself and give us any suggestions for the betterment of the journal that may come to your mind. Address your letter either to the faculty director or to Mr. Norbert Dreiling, Business Manager.

Cordially yours,

Fr. Sylvester Ley, C.PP.S.
Faculty Director

CAMPUS

Clubs

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

With the dawn of another scholastic year the Columbian Literary Society has awakened to renewed life. Already the society has selected the leaders to whom it will entrust its interests during the first semester.

For its President the society has chosen Richard Scharf, who by his work last year in the office of critic has shown himself a capable member of the C. L. S. Robert Scheiber has been designated Vice-President. The office of Secretary has been bestowed upon William Callahan. Henry Ward has been elected to the office of Treasurer. The Executive Committee is composed of James Kelley, Theodore Staudt, and Kenneth Couhig, chairman. Members of the C.L.S., your organization ranks supreme in St. Joseph's College. Its aims are lofty; its ideals, exacting. Every member worthy of the name must strive earnestly to realize in his own person those ideals that the aims of the society may ultimately be reached. In self-satisfaction lies failure; in orderly attempt, success.

NEWMAN CLUB

Like the celebrated bird of Egypt, though somewhat more frequently, the Newman Club is born anew annually. Each year the members of the High-School Senior class unite themselves into a body with a definite purpose, but with no traditions to follow, no experience to consult, no standards to maintain.

Under such circumstances a wise selection of leaders is imperative.

The newly formed Newman Club has not, we think, been unwise in its choice of Vincent Schuster as President, Adelbert Weber as Vice-President, Richard Doyle as Secretary, Bernard Tito as Treasurer, and Walter Dery as critic. Lawrence Cyr, William Kramer, and Charles Grey, chairman, form the Executive Committee.

Members of the Newman Club, your organization is a worthy one. To neglect it or disregard it would be an act of folly, for the benefits derived from it will be permanent. Success in the Newman Club means success in the C.L.S.

RALEIGH CLUB

Because of increased membership the Raleigh Club has felt the need of more spacious quarters. Consequently a large room adjoining the present card room has been assigned to it in the new addition to the Science Building.

As in all living organisms time brings many changes, so too in the Raleigh Club, itself a living organization. The moderator of last year, Father Fehrenbacher, has been called to a new field of labor, and in his place has come genial Father Roof to watch over the destinies of the club in the future.

Time brings changes, but it also brings recurrences. The time is nearly ripe for that hilarious orgy, initiation, to take its beginning. When this is printed, eighty new members will have tasted,

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over a period of a week, of disillusion, chagrin, awe, terror, and a goodly number of them, perhaps, of physical discomfort.

MONOGRAM CLUB

Since the doors of the Monogram Club are to all of us except the athletes a line of demarcation, we are unable to report at length on its activities. To our ears, however, has come the news that the club has elected Richard Scharf President, and Paul Weaver Secretary for the ensuing year, and that it is preparing to move into its new club-room in the new Science Building.

Locals

Amid the sweltering summer heat, while most of us were filled with anxiety over the speed of Jesse Owens in the Olympic games, the outcome of the Republican, Democratic or Union of Social Justice Convention, or whether our plan for a trip to New York or California would succeed, St. Joseph's College was strenuously laboring to make ready the "New Saint Joseph's". We use the term "New" to explain the many changes which have occurred during the past summer months; changes which make the College difficult to recognize.

Of these, one is most impressed by the stateliness of the recently erected Science Hall. This imposing structure was built for the purpose of providing additional laboratories, lecture and study halls. Temporarily some of the rooms are being used for residence.

How the freshmen and returning students gasped in awe when they first set foot in the new building. How the "ahs" were uttered when they beheld for the

first time the spacious lecture and residence rooms on the first floor, the study-hall and laboratories on the second floor, and the homelike dormitories on the third floor. After walking to the ground floor, the varsity letter-men yipped and yelled with joy when they beheld their new, exclusive Monogram Club. The science students felt that they couldn't miss being an Edison or an Einstein after viewing the newly equipped physics department. The barber shop, showers and lavatories comprise the rest of the ground floor. The COLLEGIAN office is also located in the Science Hall.

Of all the attractions in Science Hall, the residence rooms for the college men rank highest. These spacious rooms are large enough to comfortably accommodate three men. To the desk, chair, bed and locker which constitute their furnishings, some students are adding new furniture and accessories to the extent that they will have the rooms looking like an apartment on Park Avenue before the present year is finished.

As all good things must eventually come to an end, so came our too short vacation. When we returned home to St. Joseph's we learned that our faculty had undergone a change in personnel.

Father Carl Longanbach, classics professor, has given up teaching to do missionary work; Father Albert Wuest has gone to the Catholic University to study chemistry.

Father Henry Lucks, Ph. D., has returned from the university where he majored in philosophy during the past three years.

Father Paul F. Speckbaugh, Ph. D., comes to us for the first time to act as

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librarian, teach English and assist with
THE COLLEGIAN.

Other new professors are Father Alfred Zanolar, M.S., professor of advanced mathematics and physics; Father Urban Siegrist, M.S., professor of chemistry and biology; and Father Albert Gordon, M.A., professor of business administration.

Our hearty felicitations accompany the two noble men who have left us; our open welcome greets the five who have come to inspire and guide us forward.

Not only have there been new professors added to the teaching staff, but several changes have been made in the offices of the faculty. Father Rufus Esser, our former Dean of Men, now occupies the position of Dean of Studies. We haven't seen much of you, Father, but perhaps you are busy arranging schedules so that Organic Chemistry and Qualitative Analysis will not conflict with Comparative Anatomy.

To occupy Father Esser's position, Father Fehrenbacher, former professor of law and history, was made Dean of Men. Assisting Father Fehrenbacher are Fathers Kroeckel and Hehn.

The forty-sixth scholastic year at St. Joseph's was formally opened on Wednesday morning, September 16. All former and new students attended the Solemn High Mass, all beseeching the Holy Ghost to bless them with wisdom and understanding during the coming year. Following the Mass classes were resumed.

Most of the older students received the shocking news of the death of Charles "Inky" Blackwell during the summer months. On the return to school

this fall his absence affected those who knew and loved him as a fine personality and a real man. A sincere friend has left us.

To his family and many friends the COLLEGIAN staff, in the name of the students, extend their sincere sympathy.

The editors of this column were amazed at the number of new men on the campus this fall. After a thorough investigation we find that Chicago leads in the number of students here at College, with Akron drawing a close second. Tiffin, Indianapolis and Hammond rank high in mention. Many towns in Kentucky have their respective delegates, towns such as Louisville, New Haven and Hardinsburg.

Is it getting to be a game between these various cities to see which can have the highest number of representatives?

This seems to be a fortunate year. Each day has a store of surprises awaiting us. Sunday evening, September 20, was one of these lucky days, for we had the extreme pleasure of hearing Mr. Ambrose J. Wirick, noted lecturer and authority on music. The audience was held spellbound by his eloquent remarks and vocal renditions. Mr. Wirick stressed the importance of rhythm in daily life by giving examples of the immense value music has played in the lives of great men. His remarks on rhythm and jazz were most interesting. Above all his unique conclusion took our fancy. At the suggestion of the stage manager, he ended his address by singing the Irishman's favorite song, "When Irish Eyes are Smiling." We Germans weakened and sang the chorus with him.

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Far be it from us to preach, but we think this is the time to define the two terms applied to college students. There is the giddy child commonly known as a "college boy." Then there is the other friendly gentleman, known as a "college man." Take your pick, but also remember that it is surely time to act the part of a man—a St. Joe man.

St. Joe has taken some old timers back in the fold this year, among them being Dick Palmer, Myron Huelsman and "Beeg Joe" Raterman. Welcome home, lads, we're glad you're back.

Will someone be so kind and considerate as to inform James Casper that the Townsend plan has absolutely nothing to do with the city limits of Rensselaer?

"Beetle" Tippman invited Frank Thompson up to his "private" room last week; you know, the one he shares with seventeen other fellows, so that poor Thompson could get some privacy. His room closely resembled the New York stock exchange after a ten point drop in A.T. and T.

We wish to congratulate the Raleigh Club on their choice of Rookie President, Mr. Howard Siegrist, better known among the common folk as "Howdy," self styled promoter, political enthusiast and track man. He is a capable successor to our beloved Gus Morrison, who was here in a big way last year.

We hear from Secret Agent B-3 that Pete Casper, not *the* Mr. Casper, dreams he's pitching pennies and tosses all night in his sleep.

St. Joseph's College has gone so far as to make accommodations for the heavy sleeper—or are we mistaken? Perhaps the room off the sophomore dormitory is a private abode.

Have you heard about Henry Kenney's trip to California? If you haven't, consider yourself fortunate. When time weighs heavy, just look up Henry, as he'll take up any amount of it in describing the beauty of Yellowstone or Yosemite Parks. Sometimes we wonder if travel is broadening.



SPORTS

During the past few weeks King Football has been holding court at nearly all the leading colleges and universities of the country. St. Joseph's, no exception, during these weeks has been having her boys out on the north campus going through a rigorous training campaign under the able tutelage of Coaches Ray De Cook and Henry Kosalko.

The prospects for a successful football season seem to be rather bright this year. Most of last year's men are back to turn in a bigger and better year for St. Joseph's. Among the returning linemen are Fred Jones, Captain of this year's eleven, one of the most daring tackles in Northern Indiana; Norb Dreiling and Butch Boniface, two 180 pound guards who will make the going plenty serious for the opposition; Rosy Glorioso, the toughest piece of Italian meat ever to pass a ball from the pivot post; and last but far from least, Paul Weaver, a fast, hard-blocking end, who catches a football as if he did that for a living.

Although the backfield was hard hit by last year's graduation, Coach De Cook seems to have found the key to the situation by making Badke, a tackle deluxe, a full-back, and shifting the fast, alert Scharf into the quarter-back vacancy. The other two positions in the backfield will be held by Bud Wilkinson, a smashing right half from St. Rita High School of Chicago, and Swede Johnson, a veteran left half from last year, who has already won his spurs at that position.

The team will be further strengthened this year by the return of Weyer, Tippman and Moore, three good linemen, who would have made the grade last year if they would have had more experience. All three have shown promise of blossoming into stars this season.

However, it is upon the strength of the newcomers to our ranks that our hopes of winning a championship rest. Ray Michalewicz is the most promising candidate for the line, and seems a cinch to win the right end position. The backfield will be strengthened by the presence of Paul Gillig, full-back, Jerry Yocis, a kicking fool, and Red Flannery, hard-hitting right half from Fort Wayne.

There are still quite a few whose names have not been mentioned, and these boys will be out there fighting to give the first team the battle of their lives, for their positions. To them must go a great deal of credit, for it is upon them that the success of the team's future depends.

St. Joseph's opens her season with Valparaiso University. Valpo is known to have one of the most dangerous secondary teams in the state of Indiana. She will be doubly deadly this year, for she has all of last year's team back, including her star half-back, Wee Willie Karr. Those who are acquainted with this person know him to be one of the most ferocious backs in the State. Even so, St. Joe should give Valpo a good run for her money.

The second game of the season, that

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with Manchester, should be the most difficult on the Cardinals' schedule. Manchester also has her whole team of last year on the squad. Her star quarterback, Herbie Banet, will be in there tossing passes all over the lot, as will her speedy half-pint half-back, Sapp, who is by no means what his name indicates. If St. Joe can come out of this game with a victory, she should have no difficulty winning the rest of her encounters.

The last three games — with Central Normal, Oakland City, and Rose Poly — will be tossups. St. Joe can win them if she plays the football she is capable of playing. In the opinion of this writer she will win them. Time will tell.

ST. JOE TIES VALPARAISO U. 7 - 7

If all our predictions are as accurate as the one for the game with Valparaiso University, St. Joe will end her football season with an enviable record. It was literally St. Joe's game all the way through. The vaunted Valpo attack was held in check during the entire first half, the team threatening only once when a bad punt gave them possession of the ball on St. Joe's thirty yard line. During this same period St. Joe kept the ball well in Valpo territory. Midway in the third quarter St. Joe scored on a beautifully executed forward lateral pass, the kind of a play that springs the spectators to their feet in explosions of uncontrollable shouting. When Johnson passed to Michalewicz, and Michalewicz in turn lateraled to Jones, who, with the interference of Weaver and Boniface

galloped to the goal line, we who witnessed the game were back at Ohio State in the last few minutes of their classic with Notre Dame last year.

At this point a much disillusioned Valpo team tried every football maneuver known to them in an attempt to pierce the Cardinal forward wall, all without success; only an unfortunate decision of the referee gave them the break they could not make themselves. With the ball in their possession on the ten yard line Karr raced around end for the touchdown. Vainly did the Cardinals attempt to break the resulting tie. Again and again they advanced the ball to Valpo's ten yard line in the last minutes of play. When the final gun barked, the score still stood at 7 - 7.

To every man on the St. Joe squad should go the credit for this gallant display of football and college spirit; the eleven was a neatly balanced outfit throughout. This was so evident that we hesitate to spread the laurel wreath over any individual player. However, the consensus of opinion seems to be that Captain Jones, Raterman, Michalewicz and Dreiling deserve an individual crown particularly for their almost impregnable defence; Johnson, for his running; and Bud Wilkinson, for his perfect blocking. The triple crown belongs to the mentor of the team, — the man who called the signals; Dick Scharf's judgment was practically flawless throughout the game.

Karr, Valpo's ace half-back, stole the show in the Uhlan lineup. The boy is just good, and hard to stop.

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